

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Alarmes. Enter Warwick.

War. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For strokes receiue, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force perforce, needs must I rest my selfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike yngentle death,
That we may die vnlesse we gaine the day:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Least they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his blood,
He kill my horse, because I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,

Yorke and Lancaster.

Till I am full reuenged for his death,
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we lose the day.

George. Then let vs haste to cheere the fo
And call them pillars that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trusty seruice, in these dangerous war

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not t
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs pa
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.

Warwicke, farewell.

War. Away, away, once more sweet Lord

*Alarmes, and then enter Richard a
and Clifford at the other*

Rich. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*.

Clif. A *Richard*, a *Richard*.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and you
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy
Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy cursed h
For to reuenge the murders thou hast mad

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere
This is the hand that stab'd thy father *Yorke*
And this the hand that slew thy brother *R*
And heere's the heart that triumphs in the
And cheeres these hands that slew thy *Sir*
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.